Where Old-Time Seamen Sported

By RONA MURRAY

HORNBY has a LODGE

LATE IN THE 19TH CENTURY British men-of-war anchored in Tribune Bay, Hornby Island, where 1,000 acres of land were owned by Capt. Henry Horatio Maud, one of the men who had originally sailed there under Capt. Geoffrey Phipps Hornby. It was a favorite anchorage for all concerned, for Captain Maud kept horses and the men played polo on the beach, or the ship's company was lined up to do morning calisthenics.

Conditions have not changed much, for now children race horses bareback along the beach at low tide and do handstands and cartwheels across the long stretches of white sand. They also look for sand dollars and build castles or spend the long summer afternoons of childhood in the tepid water, trying out masks and snorkel tubes, or surfboard riding behind a boat across the bay.

Berty and Keith Stonehouse run Hornby Lodge, situated above the crescent-shaped bay, and while other people come there in the summer, visiting the island as briefly as the swallows which swoop above the beach and meadows, it is their home.

After eight years on the island, they are still surprised by the way the water changes in temperament and coloring.

The winter storms on Hornby are notorious: Waves 20 feet high batter at sandstone and granite and the spray is thrown hundreds of feet inland. Some days the sea is a brilliant blue and others so heavy a silver, and so still, it seems as if one could walk upon it.

The Stonehouse family settled on the island after deciding to quit Vancouver and start a hunting lodge. However, hunting lodges were in such remote areas and presented so many educational problems that they finally decided on a Hornby Island resort.

Keith was brought up on a Saskatchewan farm and is a soft-spoken, gentle individual with a gift for healing animals. A keen fisherman, he and Albert McCrimmon, the cook, supply the lodge with salmon. There are cows to keep the lodge in milk, cream and butter, and fresh vegetables for the table.

Berty tells of the times the neighbors have called on Keith to doctor their cattle. Without veterinary training he has managed to clean up badly gored or damaged animals, opening their wounds, cleaning out the diseased tissue and sewing them up. On one occasion a cow in calf had to be shot before Keith arrived, and after he saw her he realized that her calf was still alive so he immediately performed a rough caesarian section on her. Her baby, they say, was exceptionally healthy.

One of Keith's biggest regrets is that he was unable to save his favorite pony, Gypsy. The island is one of the few places where it is still economically feasible to keep horses, for they range free all over Hornby, and even when snow is on the ground they need practically no feeding.

Along the shores of Hornby Island one encounters such strange stone formations, formed by the centuries of eroding wind and tide.

One day Gypsy was grazing by the roadside when a lumber truck drove into her. Instead of reporting the accident the driver dragged her off the road and left her in a ditch. The next day the Stonehouses found Gypsy dying. She was so badly infected that she had to be shot.

The Stonehouses still own four horses, two of which are exceptionally good saddle horses, and two Shetlands. They hope to bring more down from the Caribou before their next season begins.

Berty Stonehouse, who was born in Vernon and has lived and worked in Vancouver, says that she is perfectly happy on Hornby, despite long winter periods when Keith is out logging all day and is often working late at night maintaining the lodge, running his mill and building new cabins. She drives the school bus in winter, taking Charlie, her three-old, with her for the twice daily ride. Children come from all over the island to the one-room schoolhouse.

Berty uses their own bus and says that it is wonderful how it has stood up to the wear of the gravel roads and the vitality of the youngsters.

ON WINTERY DAYS Berty makes her Christmas presents, with the children's help and hindrance. She works in copper, leather and shells, and is learning to paint in oils. She also plays the piano and the organ, which stand one at either end of the long lounge. In the summer flocks of children hover round both instruments, picking out tunes, and learning, some of them for the first time in these days of television, what it is like to make their own music.

Last winter Keith made a sizeable cabin with a large stone fireplace, using wood and stone from the beach. All varieties of lumber are washed ashore, enabling him to split and plank red cedar, yellow fir and white pine. He uses the natural wood as panelling, and the spectacular view for pictures.

All the cabins look across the bay and at night, especially, when the moon shines across the water, it is unbelievably lovely. Those who are tempted to go down and swim in the moonlight find the sea brilliant with phosphorescence. As they walk into the water light flares out from them at each stride, giving a sense of unreality and magic to their movements.

This remote island seems to be an ideal place in which to bring up young children. It has its drawbacks when they reach Grade 8, for after that there is no school available except the one in Courtenay.

George, the Stonehouse's eldest son, is now 14, and they hope to keep him in boarding school in Victoria.

One evening five years ago, he and a friend, Bobby Anderson, were chasing the cows home when they lost themselves. At about 9 o'clock their parents started hunting for them, and before long almost every resident on the island had joined the search. All over Hornby lights could be seen and voices heard shouting for the children. Three hours later Berty heard the cows in a piece of land dense with trees and salal. Several people with cars trained their lights on the area and Keith went in to look for the boys. His shirt was torn to ribbons but he found them curled up together asleep under a bush. They were indignant at being awakened and told him that at Cubs they had been instructed to stay where they were if lost in the woods, for then it would be easier to find them.

CHILDREN with nothing to fear grow up fearlessly and there is little to be afraid of in a place that needs no police protection and where there are no predatory animals.

The original farmhouse, which still forms a part of the Stonehouse Lodge, was built in 1865 with square wooden nails. Parts of it have been torn down and others gradually added over the years. Perhaps the atmosphere it possesses has not changed very much. It sounds as if Captain Maud was a likeable host. The difference is that women are there now, playing bridge or watching television in the lounge over their coffee, and then drifting into the coziness of the kitchen where Albert is ready with new-baked bread and pie and cake for people who have been all day in the open air.

Motto of These Youngsters Is

COURTESY and SERVICE

By MAUD EMERY

ANOTHER one of the popular automobile clubs for young men has sprung up at Campbell River. But this one is a little different.

Its members are pledged to observe safe driving rules and courtesy on the road. But they go a step farther than most organizations of the kind.

By their example of decent living and consideration for others, they are trying to eradicate from the minds of the people of their district the bad impression that one element of young people created by its rowdy behaviour. All young men in their late 'teen years and early twenties are not punks, they say.

Lowell Walker of Willow Point was the moving spirit in organizing. He was helped by his friend, Larry Lundrigan, and they have been joined by another 16 motor car enthusiasts. They call themselves the North Island Duals Club.

In their navy blue jackets, with a distinctive crest, these young men comprise a junior service club. They have won the pleased congratulations of the authorities.

Some of the members of the North Island Duals, left to right, standing: George Watson, Reg Easton, Lowell Walker, Roy Smith, Bernie Walker; kneeling, Sid Carnegie, Gordon Cowie, Gary Gourley.

Vancouver Island will see more of them, for they plan rallies with the Nanaimo and Victoria clubs of similar aims and interests.